Duke. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Neuer excuſe; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had plaid *Piramus*, and hang'd himſelfe in *Thisbies* garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy: and ſo it is truely, and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your Burgomaske; let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelue.
Louers to bed, tis almoſt Fairy time.
I feare we ſhall out-ſleepe the comming morne,
As much as we this night haue ouer-watcht.
This palpable groſſe play hath well beguil'd
The heauy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly Reuels, and new iollity. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone;
Whilſt the heauy ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taske fore-done.
Now the waſted brands do glow,
Whilſt the ſcritch-owle, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Euery one lets forth his ſpright,
In the Churchway paths to glide.
And we Fairies, that do runnne,
By the triple *Hecates* teame,
From the preſence of the Sunne,
Following darkneſſe like a dreame,
Now are frollicke; not a Mouſe
Shall diſturbe this hallowed houſe.
I am ſent with broome before,

To